to be profound or to be witty. My pretensions to metaphysics are absurd; that constant analysis of one's thoughts, that lack of action, those rules of conduct are the most tiresome, insipid, and almost incomprehensible things in the world when one has got beyond them. I could never get back into certain of those moods, which nevertheless I know to have been sincere. To me this is all over, a closed book, an emotion that has cooled off forever.

Reacting against all this, I have come to wish not to be concerned with myself at all, not to worry, when I want to do something, whether I am doing good or evil, bxit simply to do it, and the devil take the consequences! I no longer want strange or complicated things at all; as for complicated things, I don't even understand them any more. I should like to be normal and strong, merely not to have to think of these things any more.

The desire to compose the pages of this journal deprives them of all worth, even that of sincerity. They do not really mean anything, never being well enough written to have a literary value, hi short, all of them take for granted a future fame or celebrity that will confer an interest xipon them. And that is utterly base. Only a few pious and pure pages satisfy me now. What I dislike the least in my former self are the moments of prayer.

I almost tore it all xip; at least I suppressed many pages."

. . . how dull those marveloxis seaweeds become when you take them out of the water. , . .

I shall have to translate *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* * withoxit delay. I have also thought of *Peter Schlemihl,*[4] which is so little known, and La Motte's *Undine.** Then some Italian, perhaps Petrarch. See if a play by Calderon could be adapted.

The source of our laughter is a feeling of atrophy, of

a thing that could be, but is not, full. We are lifted up, on the other hand, by a recognition of fullness. Eveiything has an inherent possibility of fullness.

At the Louvre . , . and seeking in each of the paintings that modicum of life which remains after the brush has left them forever. And the

[2] Since then I have almost entirely burned the first journal (1902). [A.]

[3] A novel by the German romantic poet Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg).

[4] A novel, also known as *The Man without a Shadow,* by the German Adalbert von Chamisso.

[6] A fairy romance (1811) by the German poet and dramatist, Friedrich de la Motte Fouqu6.